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Children's Corner.

INDIAN BABY.
A babe in the Indian's hut.
A babe but lately born.
At noon, or night, or morn.
But heat and cold, and night and air,
The little stranger learns to bear.
And daily in the stream or flood
The tender child is bathed.
And daily to a piece of wood,
With bandage closely swathed;
That spreading joint, or crooked limb,
May not deform and trouble him.
And when the mother goes abroad,
And bears her infant young,
Still fastened to this piece of board,
Upon her back his limbs hang.
Through summer's heat and winter's snow,
For many a mile they travel so.
Sometimes in basket sleeping laid,
Tucked away upon a tree,
The wind a lulling music made,
And rock'd it wearily;
Hand by her work the mother plied,
And listened when it waked or cried.
She made no garment thick or thin,
Its person to array;
No cap was bent beneath its chin,
Bedeck'd with feathers gay;
And not a single fall of lace,
Was round the Indian baby's face.
And yet it eat, and drank and slept,
And grew as fast and strong,
As if in splendid chamber kept,
By servants tended long.
Perhaps the little Indian, too,
As mindful of its parents grew.
For, as we read, of lach or thong,
But little use was made,
And yet the aged, by the young,
Were reverenced and obeyed;
And when it were not amiss,
For you to heed and covet this.

AUNT ANNE.
ON THE SPHERE.—Frederic the Great, of Prussia, is said to have been very kind and ungentle in his manners. There was a little island in the Spree, where he was accustomed to meet his courtiers, and spend the afternoon in smoking and smoking. Charles the VI, Emperor of Austria, had sent one of his nobles to the court to accompany him and his prime minister on one of his afternoon excursions. The noble from Austria had a seat at table between Frederic and his prime minister. After a while the emperor made some remark that the Emperor did not like, and turned round and gave the Austrian a tremendous box on the ear. He immediately turned and was a sounder one to the prime minister of Frederic, bowing very politely and saying, "pass it on, sir, to the Emperor."

St. Michael's Island.—An old physician, was very kind in his manners. It made him angry that down-people would be so childish as to eat things which they knew were poisonous. One of his patients had injured himself in this way, and being brought to him, he exclaimed, "Dear me, what shall I do?" This provoked the doctor, and he replied, "The bellows is windy, you may let that alone; a poker would be better of digestion, and so with the shovel and tongs, you need not eat that; but do eat anything else you choose."

Four spiders.—Four in the air like a kite. They spun to the top of a gate, a blade of grass, or anything which will rise them a little above the ground. Then when their thread is drawn out, and the spider sits in the air, several feet in length, they quit the object on which they stood, and so their journey aloft. These are called gossamer spiders.

Had you not been familiar with the titles of books as employed as a clerk in a bookstore?—One day a gentleman called to purchase a book called "Venice Preserved." "We do not sell," replied the boy, "you will find it at the confectioner's, next door."

Poetry.

THE BROOK AND THE SPARROW.
A FABLE.
Oh, whether so fast, my Lady Brook,
Or whether so fast to-day?
Or whether from your onward dance,
Or deep out here with your merry dance,
To chat with a friend, I pray.
The Brook made answer—"I cannot stay
Sweet Sparrow, to prate with you,
The morning hours are ditting away,
And I have my task to do."
And what may your work be, Lady Brook,
That you cannot stop to-day?
Whirling over the stones you go,
And a noisy tongue you have I trow,
What are your tasks, I pray?
Sing, I ween, but an idle song
To sing as you wander by,
Sing, I ween, but to catch the gleam
Of the sun in the deep blue sky—
Sing, but dimpled, and dilt with the bee,
In the yellow sunlight."

Friend Sparrow, replied the little Brook,
Mine are but humble tasks,
A willing stop and a cheerful look,
My great Employer asks,
I gladly I fulfill them all,
Simple though they be,
And I sing, for the very joy of my heart,
To the butterfly and the bee."

And what are these wondrous tasks, I pray?
The sparrow in disdain;
She laughed outright, while the little Brook
Made answer yet again:
Bath the roots of the willow trees,
Beneath whose long boughs I pass,
Of the hazel bush, and the alders low,
I freshen the meadows through which I flow,
And strengthen the tender grass.
Sweet wild flowers would drop and die,
Not for my nursing care,
Not for my merge, is the greatest mass
That grows anywhere.

The birds alight at the morning's prime,
To flash in my cooling breast,
And the weary oxen come down to drink,
At the lowing day hour of rest,
And I give them a draft so clear,
I may believe they are loth to leave
A fount of such dainty cheer.
And indeed, friend Sparrow, I know,
As the tasks that I fulfill,
I make the humblest work should be
Performed with an earnest will,
And a feeling of such content,
To do all things our best,
Now I must bid you a kind good day."
Then the rivulet hastened on its way,
The Sparrow, with nothing else to say,
Flew back again to her nest.

The Farm and Garden.

What Grapes to Plant.—A grape vine is so easily grown and quickly produces such an abundance of good fruit, that everybody ought to have one, two, three, or more vines growing. The villager or citizen who may be unfortunate enough to have only a yard square of soil by the door way, may plant there a grape vine and train it up by the side of his house, and thus literally sit under his own vine.

What kind to get is a question often asked. If in the colder climate, say North of 42°, a Concord, or Hartford Prolific may be the safest; the Isabella, or Catawba, are good for any place South of 42°, and often further North. If but one or two kinds could be set out we would take, 1st, the Hartford Prolific, 2nd, the Isabella, 3d, the Concord, 4th, the Catawba.

If more than two kinds are planted, we would add, if they could be got, the Delaware, the Rebecca, and the Diana. The fruit of the Rebecca we like better than any other out-door grape, but it is apparently a little less prolific than the others named above. The Delaware is greatly admired by a large number of persons; and the same may be said of the Rebecca, though it is as yet less widely diffused over the country, being of recent origin.

For 12 vines the following is, perhaps, as good an assortment as could be selected.

3 Isabella.	2 Rebecca.
3 Catawba.	2 Delaware.
2 Diana.	

OR

4 Isabella.	1 Delaware.
3 Catawba.	1 Rebecca.
3 Diana.	

A selection like any of the above classes will give an assortment of well tried grapes with a variety of quality, flavor, and time of ripening. The greater the variety, the less the liability of entire failure in one year. The Rebecca and Delaware plants are not yet accessible to all, and where they cannot be obtained, the others may be proportionately increased. The Isabella, Catawba, Hartford, Prolific, Concord and Diana, can now be obtained in almost every section, at moderate prices.

As cold weather approaches the remaining tender plants will require housing or out door protection, and the grounds should be put in a neat condition; that they lose not all of their attractiveness during the dreary winter.

Selected Tale.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.
A TRUTHFUL INCIDENT OF THE FORTY-FIVE.
BY MRS. M. RITCHIE.
When the star of the ill-fated house of Stuarts set in blood on Culloden Moor, at no great distance from the battle-field, sullied, alas! by the conquerors with many ruthless deeds of slaughter and bloodshed, stood a neglected baronial residence. Its owner had always been a staunch adherent of "the Exile," and his estates having, in consequence, been twice forfeited, a few acres of rough land, and his partially dismantled mansion, alone remained to him of the extensive possessions of his forefathers.

It was noon tide of the day following the eventful crisis, and the sun never shone on a fairer or sadder scene than the neglected garden or Dalcross; with its wide turf walks, rank with weeds; untrimmed yew hedges, dry fountains, and moss-grown statues, over which the old house seemed to look in melancholy pomp. Amid this desolation a lonely peacock perched on the vane of a broken-down summer house, spread his Iris painted train to the bright rays, a fitting emblem of the decaying grandeur around; whilst within the dilapidated pile sat two persons, one a fair-haired young girl, the other a thin visaged man, prematurely aged with the ravages of ill health.

"Father, the times are wild, and though we are not far from the field which is to decide the fate of many, news travels slowly. Do not despair—our Murdock will return, and think how well that gallant brow will look, when the lost coronal of our race shines above it. The bonnie Earl shall come with a monarch's favor, once more to his father's hall," said the fair Helen, cheerfully, as she kissed her father's reverend brow.

"Helen, you talk with the confidence and inexperience of youth; yet till last night, I thought, even as you do, that honor and power were once more to smile on our unfortunate house. But the fates have otherwise determined," replied the old chief gravely, a tear at the same time glittering in his eye.

"Alas! father, is the doom which has long been hovering over our race about to be fulfilled, and has the last male heir of the house of Dalcross found a sepulchre on the battlefield of the Lowlanders?" exclaimed the girl overcome by the wild superstition that impressed on her mind from earliest childhood, held powerful sway over her reason.

"Ask me no further, Helen; what I allude to has been foretold for the last time by the seer who presides over the destiny of our race," answered the old man in a voice shivering with emotion.

"O, my dear father, cried the young girl, after many ineffectual efforts to speak, that I should live to see this day; would that I were lying by mother in the cold churchyard!"

"You are wrong, Helen, for you may yet live to see many happy days; the spectre spoke not of death. He said in a solemn voice, as he glided to the spot where I was sitting, preparing for my slumbers, 'Dalcross shall rest from his warfare,' and vanished from my sight."

The clansmen of Mackenzie, headed by their youthful chief, the brave brother of Helen, had marched out to join the fortunes of Prince Charles as soon as he reached his banner in Glenfinnan. In the stead of his father, who, incapacitated by severe sickness, could only be there in heart—And as it was the young warrior's first field, deep and keen was the anxiety of his parent to hear the issue of that decisive day; the fatal field of Culloden.

Suddenly the sound of horses' feet were heard rapidly approaching—a hasty stop—then a quick parley of the rider with the old porter, who as sensitive as his master was ever on the watch for tidings. The infirm old laird started to his feet with more vigor than he had exhibited for months, and tottered toward the house, but the more active and enthusiastic Helen darted rapidly forward and rushed to the outer portal. There was a slight pause—to him an age of apprehensive torture—then a wild, thrilling shriek; and he saw the domestic catch the fainting form of his daughter, ere she fell at his feet.

"It is enough," he said. "I know now, all is lost." For a moment the agony of his crushed hopes bowed his grey head, as the weeping servants laid the unconscious form of Helen on a couch; then looking round his eye rested for the first time, on a stranger who, wrapped in a tartan plaid, leaned against the door, which he had hastily closed behind him. He seemed almost sinking with fatigue, yet was gazing deeply interested on the scene before him.

"O, Scotland! how many broken hearts are thine, how many heartless like this, made desolate! and can—pardon me, sir, you say truly, indeed—all is lost. I am a fugitive from the saddest field that ever stained Scottish ground; where the proud blood was shed like water, for the object of their love was met by a spirit of hatred and revenge, that appalls my recollection and fills me with painful emotions too deep for utterance. My wearied steed died at your gate—that maiden's words tell to whom your hearts are pledged. I ask an hour's shelter and the simplest of your fare; then I shall again be a wanderer on the earth."

As the stranger spoke, he sank upon a high backed oaken chair near him and drew the shrouding tartan over his face; but he could not hinder his low sobs of agony from reaching the ears of his auditors.—Helen, who had risen from her deathlike trance, and clung weeping to her father, first broke the silence.

"Oh, father, think that our Murdock may have thus to plead; let us have mercy on him and help him to escape."

"Stranger, you are safe; none will pursue you here. Rest thou whose heart seems broken as my own, and the old laird kindly pressed the hand of his guest, which damp and cold to touch, showed how worn the frame must be from necessity and want.

Helen's eyes met her father's glance, and hastily quitting the room, she returned quickly with abundant provisions, which the ancient servants helped her to arrange and heaping up fresh fuel in the vast chimney, withdrew. During this time, the stranger appeared to have partly recovered himself; but still enveloped in his plaid, he traced unconsciously with his sheathless and broken dirk, some characters on the arm of the chair in which he sat, till starting at his host addressed him, he silently availed himself of the plentiful repast.

It was evident that he assiduously desired to shield himself from the gaze of his entertainers; and much as the laird wished to learn if the stranger knew aught of his son, hospitality demanded that he should not embitter the much wanted meal by a recurrence to circumstances that agonized his guest so deeply. None spoke—poor Helen, what could she do but weep and her father muse on the fall of his proud hopes mingled with bitter torture regarding the fate of his son.

In the stillness, the tramp of horses faintly heard, made them start, and the stranger to spring wildly into the centre of the apartment, exclaiming,

"Hark, my pursuers!—they come!—then I am lost!"

"Nay, say not so, stranger; the father of Murdock Mackenzie will give his life for one who fought beside him. Here thou shalt be safe, wert thou Charles Stuart himself!"

"I am Charles Stuart!" said the wanderer, casting aside his cap and tartan, his long, fair curls falling brightly round his face, whose noble features had amidst their mortal paleness, a sweet and touching dignity. "I am that outcast and what can I expect from the father of Murdock Mackenzie, but his eternal undelivered curse me, old man, thy son's blood is yet on my garments—he died to aid my escape—may I sink not to earth—speak, and let me in thy words hear the curses of all whose hearts I have broken, in lost, unhappy Scotland!"

At these words Helen arose, her eyes dim with tears, but her sweet, girlish face beaming with a proud expression struggling in her heart.

"Come with me," she said, "you shall not perish whilst there are means of safety. They are already knocking at the gate, and will be here directly."

"Escape! cried the fugitive wildly, life is not worth preserving. Believe me, I would rather die as a brave man ought, than be dragged from secret nook to undergo a felon's fate!"

"Hasten, every moment is precious," whispered Helen, in a voice of command, and sliding back a part of the carved wainscoting, a secret passage was disclosed to view. "Fly, my Prince; the sister of Murdock will, like him, protect thee to the last!"

She forced Charles, whose arm she had firmly seized, into the aperture, and closed the slide. He found himself in utter darkness; then with the quickness of devoted and determined courage, she wrapped herself in the plaid he had thrown aside and placed the plumed cap above her own fair curls.

"To the death, father! to the death for Charles Stuart!" she cried, turning to her bewildered and agonized parent.

Scarcely had this been accomplished, when the dash of the yielding gates, the quick tread of many feet, the hoarse voices and clatter of arms, announced the entrance of the dreaded pursuers; next, the door of the apartment was rudely burst open, the room half filled with the mercenary Hessian soldiers.

"Hark!" shouted the leader, eagerly, "hold our prize—Yield, sir—you are our prisoner." He roughly rushed upon the form enveloped in the well-known tartan of Charles, and would have run it through had not his arm been grasped by another of the band.

"Villain, would you slay your prince!" murmured Helen, anxious to keep up the delusion.

"We'll show you how the English house have been taught their discipline, and obey the orders of King George," returned the officer with savage hostility, and the de-

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1727.
Sheriff, Attorney General and Recorder, and signed by his Honor the Governor, in the name and behalf of the General Assembly.

"It is ordered by this Assembly that a letter be writ and signed by the Secretary or General Recorder of the colony and sent to the Governor of Connecticut, informing him of the settlement of the time between this colony and Connecticut. And that they follow the directions of his honor the Governor."

James Franklin, brother to Dr. Franklin, carried on printing in Newport. A pamphlet printed by him is now to be seen. In 1632 he printed a newspaper called the Rhode Island Gazette.

Death of Deputy Gov. Jonathan Nichols.
Jonathan Nichols was born June 10th, 1681. He was the fourth son of Thomas and Hannah Nichols. His father emigrated from Wales to the Island of Barbadoes, and soon after from the latter place to this Island, about the year 1658, and settled on the spot known as the Page farm in Portsmouth, since celebrated as the spot where Gen. Prescott was made prisoner during the American revolution—Jonathan, the subject of this memoir, inherited the estate of his father. At an early period in life he was elected first representative of the town of Newport to the General Assembly, and was subsequently elected first Senator and Deputy Governor of the colony, which office he filled at the time of his decease. He closed a life of extensive usefulness at the age of 46 years, leaving a numerous family. His monumental stone now standing in the burial ground, owned by his descendants, has the following inscription:—

In memory of
JONATHAN NICHOLS ESQ.
Deputy Governor of the Colony of Rhode Island,
who died August ye 2d, 1727,
aged 46 years.

The General Assembly convened at Warwick on the last Wednesday in October, 1727.

Ordered that the Recorder write to the Governor of Connecticut to know if they have any account from Great Britain of settling the boundary between us and them, and to desire them to take care and prevent their people from coming over the line between us, to commit waste in this colony till they receive an account from Great Britain of the settlement between the two colonies.

The Assembly convened at Newport on the last Tuesday of February 1727-8.

An act passed further to encourage the raising of hemp, by a bounty of sixpence per pound on all hemp raised and dressed within the colony.

By the following vote it appears that Connecticut was still reluctant in complying with the decree in favor of Rhode Island.

"Forasmuch as this government have notified the Governor and Government of Connecticut of the order and determination of his Majesty in Council in settling and ascertaining the bounds and limits of each Government as deciphered in a plat annexed to his Majesty's decree and determination thereof, and the government of Connecticut taking no care for the settling of the same, Therefore,

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of this colony, and by the authority of the same it is enacted, That William Wanton Francis Willet, John Waterman, Daniel Uplike, William Jencks and Benjamin Ellery Esquires, or any four of them be, and they are hereby appointed a Committee with full power and authority to run the aforesaid line between the two colonies with such Commissioners as are, or shall be appointed on the behalf of Connecticut, to run the same with them, and in said line to erect and make boundaries and monuments for the more plain and easy ascertaining and perpetuating thereof.

And be it further enacted, That if no commissioners shall appear on the part of Connecticut to join with them in performing the same, or if the commissioners of Connecticut shall refuse to join with them, that they proceed on and finish the said work, to begin said work on the 15th day of April next.

Ordered that Mr. John Mumford and William Greene, are chosen to run the aforesaid line between the two colonies.

Death of Gov. Samuel Cranston.
Unfortunately but little has been preserved of the life of Gov. Cranston; his high examples, unsullied fame and useful life, procured him the applause and esteem of all who knew him. As Governor of this state he stood pre-eminent, and it is no disparagement to others if we assign him the rank of the ablest among the able that have filled that station either before or since.

He was the son of John Cranston who was Governor of Rhode Island in the year 1680. After unstinting various other offices in this government, he was elected Governor, some time in the year 1697, doubtless in the room of Walter Clarke, who was chosen the May previous, and must have resigned during that political

ALARIO;

THE TYRANTS VAULT.
A SICILIAN STORY OF EARLY TIMES.
CHAPTER I.
ALARIO.
Not far from the city of Syracuse, when it was the metropolis of all Sicily, an object of long and ambitious conquerors, and one of the finest cities in the world; not far from this place, upon the shore of the sea, stood a man who had just landed from a vessel that was now sailing away towards the North. He was quite young—not over five-and-twenty—tall and well-proportioned; with a muscular system, not far off, which, and possessing a face not only striking in its manly beauty, but remarkable, in one so young, for its stern, resolute, and self-reliant expression. His dress was light and simple, and evidently of Greek manufacture; the lower limbs being clothed in close-fitting goat-skin, above which he wore a shirt of white linen, confined at the waist by a belt of fine mail. Upon his head was a cap of woven stuff, the top drooping over the right ear; and his feet were shod with a pair of sandals. His only weapon was a short, heavy sword, which hung, in a leather scabbard, from his belt of mail. He stood for awhile, gazing about, as though undecided what course he should pursue; but finally he espied an old fisherman, not far off, who had just come down upon the beach, and towards him he made his way.

"A bright, pleasant morn'g, good sir," said the youth.

The old man cast his net from his shoulders and gazed up. He carefully scanned the features before him, and then replied

"Aye, fair sir, it is a pleasant morn'g. We have many such on this coast."

"And yet it stands sometimes, I suppose," suggested the first speaker.

"He is a wise man who little heeds the storms he cannot quell," said the fisherman, with a nod of the head which seemed to give his words more meaning than the old man's words under which they were spoken would imply.

"You are right there," responded the other—"But tell me—where can I find Artabanus, the hermit?"

The fisherman took another careful look into his interlocutor's face, and then answered

"He lives upon yonder mountain, which is called Catalano. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes."

Then follow the path that leads to yonder coast, until it brings you to a steep ascent. Climb that, and then upon your right hand you will see beaten track. He lives in a cave near the top of the mountain, and this track will lead you directly to his dwelling."

The young man thanked his informant, and was upon the point of turning away, when the latter resumed

"I mean no offense. Your face looks familiar. It has the cast of a countenance I fancied I had seen before."

"You'll at least remember of having seen such an one on this morning," said the young man; and as he thus spoke he turned away.

"Aye," muttered the old Sicilian, half to himself, but yet loud enough to reach the ears of the young man, "and I call on Neptune to witness that I have seen it before. Such faces are not multiplied—they are not plenty in Syracuse these times—Alas! poor's the pity."

The youth hesitated for a moment, as though he would turn back, but he overcame the disposition, and kept on. When he had begun to ascend the mountain, he stopped and looked behind him, and saw that the fisherman was already upon the water.

"Can it be," he said, to himself, "that my face is so little changed? I think I remember that old man, for he has spread his nets long in these waters; but how should he remember me? I pray the gods that there be not many in Syracuse that will yet be so obscure."

With this the traveler kept on up the mountain until he had reached a broad table of rock, from whence he could see the bay, and the city beyond. The great metropolis was spread out before him, with its massive walls, its towers and battlements, and a tear started down his cheek as he gazed upon the scene. He clasped his hands upon his bosom, and, with a few muttered words, he started on again. He crossed the stream, and took the path to which he had been directed, and he did not follow it as one who was a stranger to its windings. He pursued his way with an ease and assurance, and, at times, with an abstractedness which could have been indulged in only by one who knew well the way to his goal. At the steep, rocky height he climbed, and, when he finally stopped, it was before the entrance to a cave—a cave which Nature had fashioned in the mountain's side, and sheltered from the sun's fervid heat, and the fury of the storm. At the mouth of the cavern sat an old man, whose head some fourscore years had rolled. His hair and beard were white as the fleecy cloud that sailed above the mount, and floated in silken, wavy masses over his shoulders and breast. A robe of gray cloth enveloped his frame, and his feet were shod with heavy sandals. He was engaged over an old manuscript, but as he heard the sound of approaching footsteps he closed the volume and raised his head.

"Good morning, my son," he said, with a look of simple welcome.

"Kind father, I greet thee," the youth returned, at the same time extending his hand.

"How?" cried the aged man, starting to his feet, as the accents fell on his ears. He showed his eyes with the palm of the left hand, and gazed eagerly into the visitor's face. "Do I see right? He is Alario. Is it Alario, my old pupil?"

"Aye, good Artabanus, I am Alario—come once more to see thee."

"For some time the hermit gazed at the young man's face in silence, but finally he said:

"Sit down—sit down, my son. Thy presence has started a host of varied emotions to life within me, and I must recover my thoughts ere I can talk with thee in reason."

"Thank the gods, I find thee alive and in health," replied the youth, as he let go the old man's hand, and took a seat upon a wooden bench close by.

"Aye—I am an old man, but I am still the same. But," he added, thoughtfully, continuing to gaze earnestly into his companion's face as he spoke, "the body is but a small part of man, and the will of the flesh are very joys when compared with some of the joys which the soul may be subject. But tell me of thyself. Where hast thou been?"

"I have been in Greece," replied the youth—

"When I fled from these shores, eight years ago, I sought refuge there, and I have remained ever since. On I went this morning, as I gazed down upon the city of my birth, I had thought I had done weeping over those memories; but when I again gazed upon Syracuse they came crowding upon me with a power which I could not resist. I saw the very temple beneath the walls of which my father and my brother were slain; and I could see the roof beneath which my mother died. Artabanus, there were not four of the patriotic families escaped that foul butchery."

"No, Alario. Of all who were loyal to the true interests of the people, I have seen only yourself return. There were a few escaped, but not many. Were there any went with you to Greece?"

"No, father. I escaped alone. I saw my noble parent cut down—I saw my brother fall—and when I knew I had no relative left in the city, I fled. Fortune favored me. I found a small boat by the sea shore, and I put out alone upon the dark waters. I floated away to Melita, and from thence I gazed a passage to Greece. The tyrant still reigns in Syracuse."

"Alas! yes, and his deeds are evil, and the people suffer. We have had no peace in Sicily since good Helixus died. Thou wert but a mere child then."

"I was seven years old. I remember the good king well, for my father, you know, was one of his chief officers."

"Aye—you were older than I thought," said the hermit, musing.

"And I remember that there was some mystery connected with the good king's death," remarked Alario.

"Am I not right?"

"There was not much mystery," answered the hermit, musing.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

Sunday Reading.

Gems for the Aged.—By Mrs. Sigourney.
—Let us not lose our interest in life's blessings, because we have so long enjoyed them. Rather, as an elegant writer of our own has said, will he arise and open a window in our hearts and let in the song of the bird and the breath of the violet. We will not permit that bright heart window to become soiled, nor the hand through our own inertness to become paralyzed while genial nature still spreads her charms around us, and invites us to rejoice in them and in the God who gave them.

Beauty of Age.—Are not the changes in man's life like those of the days and seasons, beautiful? Morn is fair, but we would not always have it mornings. Noon is brilliant, but the wearied senses crave repose, as from the long excitement of an Arctic summer. Evening, with her placid moon through the chequering branches, disengages every blemish, bathes the simplest architecture in a flood of silver light, and makes the vine-clad cottage and the antique column alike beautiful. Even though it should chance to be winter, yet shrink not to come forth with a heart to admire and love; for through the bare trees, the silver queen of Heaven looks down more clearly and the untrodden snow-hills rejoice in her beauty, and amid the pure blue ether the stars multiply each giving secret sweet-voiced welcome to the soul that is soon to rise above their spheres.

Accomplishments of Age.—Accomplishments for old people? And why not? It would seem as if the world thought they had no right to them. Whereas, having been obligated to part with many personal attractions, there is the more need that they should take pains to make themselves agreeable. If at the age of eighty, Cato thought proper to go to school to learn Greek; why should we not consider ourselves scholars as long as aught remains to be learned? Yes, life is ever school, both in its discipline and its aspirations. Let us take our places in that class, who both learn and teach. We will speak of the manifold goodness of God, which we have so long tested, and strike that key-tone of praise whose melody will be perfected in Heaven.

"Yet an eternity's too short
To utter all his praise."

[To be continued.]

MR. ERNE TUCKERS, who has done much to strengthen our church choir, has been presented with a silver goblet by several of his friends gathered with the Marlborough Street Methodist Church.

abandoned their use entirely for steam fire-engines.

THE Howard Association at New Orleans has closed its labors, the yellow fever being no longer epidemic.

AN EDITOR IN LUCK.—The proprietor of Troy (Albany) Independent American congratulates himself upon having a new pair brooches—the cloth cost him four "bills" a year. His wife thinks they are so handsome she will wear them twice.

In my last annual communication I called your attention to the moral condition of the city during that period.

large lot of stationery, and got measured for costly garments at several tailoring establishments. When one individual was sharp enough to read Mr. Bancroft's character, openly denounced him, and he left town in such a hurry that he disappointed the police, as well as his other friends.

MR. MASON has finally agreed to retire from the French Mission in the Spring contemporaneously with Mr. Dallas.

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\$217,356 has been already expended on the new dome for the capital of Washington. The rest of the work is now completed.

THE first steam canal boat from Buffalo
at New York Wednesday.

